

See "PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS," by Cleveland Moffett, and "THE CAUSE AND CURE OF HARD TIMES," by Professor W. G. Sumner, in this issue.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

## ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXIII.—No. 2138.  
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.

### OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—XII.



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A SURE WINNER IF BRYAN IS ELECTED.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

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One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

We are always glad to have any of our contemporaries transfer to their columns articles of interest from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, giving proper credit to the *WEEKLY*. We especially desire to call the attention of our exchanges to the able series on the financial question, and shall be very much gratified to see our exchanges quote liberally from them, and shall be pleased to receive marked copies of their newspapers. Specially attractive inducements will be made to newspapers which will secure clubbing subscriptions for *LESLIE'S* during the campaign.

"I believe that it is a good deal better to open up the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the world."—Major William McKinley.

## Where It Started.

THE bottom meaning, the real purpose, of the Chicago platform in its demands as to the currency is fiat money. The enactment into law of the principles there stated would mean an unlimited volume of irredeemable paper money, and the chaos and disaster, ultimately, which have overtaken the currency of so many South American States. The currency declarations of this platform are the natural outgrowth of the old greenback idea, since taken up by the Populists and incorporated into the policy. The declaration for free-silver coinage first appeared in the party platform of the greenback convention which met at Chicago in 1880, and was in these words: "The right to make and issue money is a sovereign power to be maintained by the people for the common benefit. All money, whether metallic or paper, should be issued, and its volume controlled, by the government, and not by or through banking corporations; and when so issued should be a full legal tender for all debts, public or private. To enable the government to meet its obligations, legal-tender currency should be substituted for the notes of the national banks, the national banking system abolished, and the unlimited coinage of silver as well as gold established by law."

This demand for the unlimited coinage of silver, it will be noticed, came from the convention of a party which was making a fight for unlimited fiat money. It is to be noticed, too, that the demand as then made was coupled with a declaration for the imposition of an income tax. Thus we have the Democratic convention of 1896—sixteen years after the first announcement of these ideas—appropriating them as the basis of its body of doctrine, and going to the country with the distinct demand for their recognition in the national policy.

Could there be any better or more conclusive evidence that the Democratic party of to-day is simply the old greenback and the newer Populistic parties rolled into one? Nothing is more certain than that the success of the party which has placed Mr. Bryan in nomination would be the success of ideas and policies which experience has shown to be in every way prejudicial to the public interests, and would bring to the fore in our politics a class of charlatans and demagogues who are lacking in every essential qualification for the high responsibilities of public administration.

## The Future of China.

It is gratifying to learn that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, will be received in this country with the dignity befitting his eminence as one of the great political masters of the Eastern world. His reception in France, Germany, and England has been of such a character as undoubtedly to impress him with a sense of the power of those great States, and it can hardly be otherwise than that he has gotten some clearer perception of the functions and methods of civilized government than he has heretofore possessed. He seems to have displayed great interest in everything which could enlighten him as to industrial methods, military and naval armament, and financial affairs.

It is alleged that his visit to England is not merely one of curiosity, but has a somewhat direct reference to the question of the reorganization of the finances of China. He is very desirous of reforming the army and navy, and this cannot be done effectually until greater financial stability is assured. His aim is to increase the customs revenue, rightly holding that until this is done it will be difficult for the empire to float any considerable loans in furtherance of naval construction or of projects of internal improvement and development. The Chinese customs, which are now five per cent. ad valorem, cannot, however, be raised without the consent of England, China being bound by treaty with that country to confine her imports to that figure. According to the *London Spectator*, Li Hung Chang desires to double this per cent., but finds British merchants indis-

posed to acquiesce in such an increase, unless it can be offset by concessions of some character or other. These concessions may take the form of permits to build railways, or of increased intercourse with provinces inland, which would stimulate trade and commerce. It is thought to be possible that the viceroy, rather than fail in his commission, will at the last consent to concessions of this sort. If such should be the outcome it is said that, seeing that he can venture to do so with some reasonable prospect of paying the cost, he will order a new fleet to be built for him in England. This, of course, would be an important step, but, obviously, it would go but a little way toward rejuvenating the prostrated empire. It is not so much in externals as in her internal life and policy that China needs to be strengthened. Li Hung Chang apparently has some appreciation of this fact, and along with the reconstruction of the army and navy he is understood to favor some important administrative reforms. He is antagonized, however, by the mandarin class, and the real question of the hour which concerns the future of China is as to whether he will be able to maintain his ground and secure the adoption of the policy to which he is committed. If he should fail it is difficult to see how China can escape disintegration. It goes without saying that so long as she adheres to barbarian methods, and refuses to adapt herself to modern conditions, shutting the door against all the influences of civilization, she cannot make any substantial growth. On the contrary, her tendency must be steadily and continually downward, until at last she becomes a prey to the Powers which await her dissolution.

## What the Platform Means.

MR. BRYAN was at great pains, in his speech of acceptance, to emphasize the point that the Chicago platform is not a menace to "the private security and public safety." It can hardly be possible that he believes this statement will be accepted by any intelligent American citizen. If the platform to which he refers is not a direct menace to every substantial interest of the country, then these interests have never been exposed to serious danger. Let us for a moment consider the precise, unmistakable, and direct assaults which that platform proposes to make upon private security and public safety.

One of its conspicuous features is a declaration against the assertion of Federal authority for the preservation of law and order and the repression of the violent and turbulent forces of society. The incident specially had in view in this declaration was the employment of the Federal power against the passionate and malignant Chicago mobs who took the commerce of the nation by the throat, suspended for a time interstate mail communication, and attacked private and public property. The platform declaration amounts to an avowal that the government shall never, under any condition of circumstances, be permitted to interpose for the suppression of sedition and for the protection of the person and property of the citizen. If that is not an assault upon private security and public safety, what is it?

The platform declares also against the exercise of judicial authority for the purpose of restraining, by processes never before challenged, assaults upon the public peace and upon private property, and it affirms that the courts, which, under our system are the last refuges of the outraged and the defenseless, shall be paralyzed in the presence of riotous mobs—that the muniments of the public safety, as old as constitutional government, shall be as though they never existed. In the same connection, this platform specifically assails the Supreme Court of the United States, the high character of which has commanded the admiration of the world, and which has stood as a barrier against public and private wrong, the buttress of the rights of the people and the authority of the government. This dignified and venerable body, occupying its responsible and important relation to our system, is to be prostituted to partisan uses, and reconstructed again, and again, and again, as its decisions may be found to be obnoxious to the destructive forces of our civilization. If that condemnation of the Supreme Court is not a menace to private security and public safety then the individual and the public have never, since the beginning of our history, been assailed by any danger whatever.

Consider another demand of this platform. It declares specifically in favor of legislation destroying the obligation and sacredness of private contracts. In other words, it would put a premium upon dishonor, rapine, and pillage, whenever these should be found to be the convenient instrument for the evasion of obvious and covenanted duties. If contracts and engagements between individuals, solemnly and intelligently entered into, cannot be maintained as inviolable, what security can there be for the individual; what safety can there be for the public, in any of the business or financial obligations of life? In the same connection we have in this platform a declaration for the practical repudiation of the plighted faith of the nation, and an effort to destroy the credit of the government by stripping it of its power to borrow money as its exigencies may require. Already this avowal has awakened profound distrust and alarm, and we find, as a result, that business enterprises are being paralyzed, and States, municipalities, and individuals are finding it difficult to obtain the money necessary to carry on their affairs. Depositors in banks are withdrawing their

deposits, and many investors are calling in their loans. Of course it follows as a result of this condition of things that there must be a contraction of our currency along with a degradation of our credit, both at home and abroad. We need not be surprised at all if, as the outcome of these dishonorable proposals of the silverite party, holders of our securities abroad, alarmed by the possibility of repudiation, turn them back upon us.

Mr. Bryan is careful to say, in the address to which we refer, that the free-silver party does not propose "to invade the home of the provident and to transfer the rewards of industry to the lap of idleness." "Property is, and will remain," he says, "the stimulus for endeavor and the compensation for toil." How utterly fallacious this statement is we may realize when we understand that the triumph of the free and unlimited coinage policy would directly and enormously affect 4,875,000 depositors in our savings banks, who have set to their credit the vast total of \$1,910,000,000. This great aggregate represents the providence and thrift of the working class of our population, the men and the women who have saved money out of their earnings and laid it away for a stormy day. Every dollar of the great total just mentioned, now on deposit in these institutions, is measured by the gold standard of value—it is worth now one hundred cents the world over. The debasement of our currency, as proposed in the Chicago platform, would reduce the value of these deposits by forty-seven per cent.; and the depositor who has paid into the bank money having a purchasing power of one hundred cents in every dollar would draw out money having a purchasing power of only fifty-three cents on the dollar. If that is not an invasion of the homes of the provident classes, pray, what is it? There are in this country, according to official reports, 8,702,000 persons who have policies upon their lives in the regular life-insurance companies, and 3,638,000 more who are members of the so-called assessment and order companies. These policies, twelve million in all, are in a certain sense representative of the provident spirit of our population, and the face value of every one of these policies would be, if Mr. Bryan's policy prevails, reduced by nearly fifty per cent. These policies, too, are property, in the sense that they are valuable as individual assets. What, in the face of such a fact, becomes of the statement that the free-silver party does not propose to destroy the "stimulus to endeavor and the compensation of toil"?

But this is not all; there is more in the declaration in favor of free-silver coinage than appears upon the face. The real purpose which animates the propagandists of the new gospel is not merely free coinage, but unlimited paper money—the adoption of a policy which would bring our currency to a "wild-cat" basis. We have had some experience in the past with the evils of irredeemable paper money. There is scarcely a State in the Union which under the old State banking system did not suffer immensely from this sort of money. The greenback heresy which the people stamped out some years ago was no more dangerous than the purpose which lurks beneath the demand for free coinage, and which, if the people were to transfer the power to the hands of the Populist Democrats, would be carried out in the overthrow of the existing system of national banking and the restoration of a banking policy which would deluge the nation with a flood of worthless currency and sweep away all the foundations of business security.

In all these things to which we have referred the Chicago platform is a menace to "private security and public safety," and Mr. Bryan is gravely mistaken if he imagines that the American people are so ignorant of the lessons of history, and so blind to their own interests, as to be willing to commit to him, and to those whom he represents, the control of our financial and business policy along the lines he suggests.

## Women Hold Their Own.

THERE is a growing feeling that the average woman may be relied upon to make her way whenever she is given an opportunity to fairly compete with the average man, especially in those employments which require acuteness of intellect, and do not demand any great expenditure of physical strength. We find women nowadays in practically all spheres of activity, and they are demonstrating more and more their capacity for affairs. Secretary of Agriculture Morton has recently given some very direct testimony in support of the theory here stated. He states that in the civil-service examinations which have been had in connection with appointments to positions in the Agricultural Department, the female candidates in most cases pass better examinations than the men; and he adds that they do their work equally well, if not better than the men, when assigned to duties of the same character. He instances the fact that at the last civil-service examination held in his department for the purpose of securing two male assistants in the library, eight women, who were not invited to participate, appeared, together with thirty men, and being allowed to take their chances with the latter, every one of them passed, while every one of the men failed. The secretary very properly appointed two of the women, although the advertisement announcing the examination had expressly stated that only male candidates would be considered eligible.

The facts stated by Secretary Morton go to confirm the results which have been attained in institutions of learning



where co-education exists. The results of the examinations at Barnard during the recent season attest in every respect the intellectual equality of women in certain of the more useful studies. There are, of course, people in the world who do not like this aspect of affairs, and who will very reluctantly surrender the notion that woman should not be given an equal chance in the race of life; but it goes without saying that in view of the results of experience as they are accumulated year after year, the most ultra-conservative will at last be driven from his stronghold, and by common consent the sexes will have equal opportunity for the utilization of their powers in the service of mankind.

### The Monstrous Turk.



THE announcement comes to us from London, on the authority of one of the newspapers of that city, that evidence has been obtained that the Armenian outrages which have so shocked the world had their origin in the official residence of the sultan, and were personally approved by him, as a means of warning the Turkish Reform party of the sort of punishment which would overtake them if they persisted in their purposes. The newspaper in question adds that the documents which supply this evidence show also that, in all, over one hundred thousand Armenians fell victims to Turkish malignity.

Whether the statement here made as to the responsibility for these massacres shall be confirmed by specific proof or not, there can be no question at all that the brutal policy which has been pursued in Armenia had official inspiration. It is of a piece with the bloodthirsty persecutions which for three hundred and fifty years have marked Turkish domination in that scarred and ravaged land. It reflects the spirit and temper of the fanatical horde whom the sultan dares not resist, even if he desired to do so. The bottom motive is, of course, religious; a desire to perpetuate the Moslem faith, and to exterminate every vestige of opposition to it. The Turk cannot brook the idea of progress along the lines of the Christian belief, and it must be checked by fire and sword, at any cost whatever. It would seem that the time has come when the Powers ought to assert themselves for the arrest of the persecutions to which the Armenians, as well as the Cretans, are now exposed. Recent events in Crete, where the Christians have risen in rebellion against the outrageous oppression of the Turks, show that the Turk is everywhere the same—cruel, fanatical, and incapable of administering just and decent government. He will impose upon his victims in all lands alike the arbitrary and diabolical system which has its origin in his religious prejudices.

It was stated some time since that Great Britain and Russia had about come to an agreement to rescue the Armenians and the Cretans from further outrages by the Turks. It was said that France concurred in the arrangement, and that Russia would send military residents to the principal towns of Armenia, keeping an armed force within call, with a view of enforcing the protective policy agreed upon. There has as yet been no final affirmation of this statement, but it is to be hoped that it may turn out to be true. It is the scandal of our civilization that Christian peoples, whose only offense is their desire to enjoy the ordinary rights of human nature, should be exposed to the inhumanities of the Turk, robbed, oppressed, flayed and burned alive, without protest from the conscience of the world.

### Protection and Sound Money at the South.

In a recent issue we referred to the political situation in South Carolina, emphasizing the fact that conditions are ripe for a reformation of parties along the lines of sound money and protection. Every day is furnishing fresh evidence of the tendency of old-fashioned Democrats toward the acceptance of these Republican doctrines. This is especially true of those who are connected with the manufacturing interest and of growers of rice and cotton. A recent issue of the Georgetown (South Carolina) *Times* publishes a communication from Mr. William Miles Hazzard, a prominent Democratic planter of that locality, which shows very plainly that it is to the interest of these classes to oppose the free-silver, free-trade policy. We give an extract or two from this letter:

"We have lived and prospered under the present sound-money system until it parted company with protection, and the party undertook to have a 'free breakfast table' by imposing low tariff to tickle the fancy of the masses. It was a taking political cry, but what has resulted? Bond issues to meet what a McKinley tariff once met. In those days a scarcity of money never existed, because there was always a surplus and no one doubted the financial standing of our government. . . . Unite sound money and protection in November, and prosperity will again bless our land; make more money by protection, without depreciating your money standard. While free silver will increase the wealth of silver-miners, and more money not suitable to the trade will be in circulation, it is not going to benefit the rice planters and sugar planters, who will still have to cope with foreign competition. For myself I shall vote for Major McKinley, as he represents sound money and protection; we have lived under it, prospered under it, and know that it is no experiment."

The opinions here expressed are obtaining wider cur-

rency every day, not only in South Carolina, but in other Southern States. If the Democratic journals of these States were not in such full sympathy with the silver delusion as to make impossible any intelligent discussion of existing issues, and if there could be any systematic educational campaign, there is no doubt at all that some of these States now Democratic would give their electoral votes to McKinley and Hobart. The mass of the people are open to conviction, but under existing campaigning methods they are not generally reached, and are left undisturbed, therefore,

## CAUSE AND CURE OF HARD TIMES.

It is an essential part of the case of the silver men that the country is having "hard times." The bolters from the Republican convention say, in their manifesto: "Discontent and distress prevail to an extent never before known in the history of the country." This is an historical assertion. It is distinctly untrue. There is no such discontent and distress as there was in 1819, or in 1840, or in 1875, to say nothing of other periods. The writers did not know the facts of the history, and they made use of what is nowadays a mere figure of speech. People who want to say that a social phenomenon is big, and who do not know what has been before, say that it is unparalleled in history.

There has been an advancing paralysis of enterprise and arrest of credit ever since the Sherman act of 1890 was passed. The bolters say that "No reason can be found for such an unhappy condition of things save in a vicious monetary system." The reason for it has been that the cumulative effect of the silver legislation was steadily advancing to a crisis. The efforts by which the effects of that legislation had been put off were no longer effective, and it was evident that the country was on the verge of a cataclysm in which the standard of value would be changed. What man can fail to see the effect of such a fear on credit and enterprise? And with such a fear in the market, how idle it is to try to represent the trouble as caused by the fact that the existing standard was of gold, or of silver, or of anything else! Men will make contracts and go on with business by the use of any medium, the terms of which can be defined, understood, and maintained until the contract is solved, but uncertainty as to the terms, or danger of change in them, makes credit and enterprise impossible. In the whole history of finance no crisis can be found which was so utterly unnecessary, and so distinctly caused by the measures of policy which had gone before it, as that of 1893.

So much being admitted as to "hard times," it remains true, however, that by far the greatest part of the current declamation about hard times is false. Prosperity and adversity of society are not capable of exact verification. At all times some people, classes, industries, are less prosperous than others. The fashion has grown up among politicians and stump orators of using assertions about prosperity and distress as arguments for their purpose, and parties come before the public with prosperity policies. They have programmes for "making the country prosperous." If this country, with its population, its resources, and its chances, is not prosperous by the intelligence, industry, and thrift of its population, does any sane man suppose that politicians and stump-orators have any devices at their control for making it so? The orators of the present day see prosperity where they need to see it for the purposes of their argument. They say that all gold-standard countries in Europe are in distress. Mr. St. John says that Mexico is prosperous. As to Canada, we have seen no statement. According to some discussions which are current, the bicycle rivals the gold standard as a calamity-producer. As the bicycle has certainly gravely affected the distribution of expenditure and the accumulation of capital, its efficiency as a crisis-maker, in its degree, whatever that may be, can be rationally discerned, but nobody has ever been able to show any rational grounds of belief that the gold standard is a crisis-maker.

A crisis will also be produced whenever capital has been invested on a large scale in any unproductive investment, whereby it is not reproduced, but is lost. The enterprises are always made the basis of engagements and contracts. When the enterprises fail, the engagements cannot be met; other engagements based on these also fail, and so on through the whole industrial organization. Such crises are inevitable in a new country. Enterprises run in fashions. At any one time great groups of producers tend to one line of industry. That industry is sure to be overdone and to come to a crisis. In a free country, where every man is at liberty to direct his enterprise as he sees fit, what is the sense of trying to throw on other people the losses, when it turns out that he has made a mistake? No one would propose it as to an individual or a number, but when there is a great interest it makes itself a political power and produces a platform for the same purpose, generally with inflated principles of humanity, justice, democracy, and Americanism as wind-attachments to make it float.

Mr. St. John says that the farmers are spending ten dollars an acre to get eight or nine dollars an acre. What farmer in the United States can tell how many dollars he spends on an acre? What is the sense of these pretendedly accurate figures? But, if they had sense, what would be the gain of cutting the dollars in two? If the

farmer spent twenty silver dollars on an acre and got back sixteen or eighteen, how would he be benefited? The dollars of outlay are of the same kind as the dollars of return in any case. If it is true that the return does not equal the outlay, it must be on account of some facts of production, and it requires but a moment's reflection to see that changing the currency in which outlay and income are reckoned cannot change the relation between the two.

A dispassionate view of facts will go to prove that the world is reasonably and ordinarily prosperous at the present time, except where particular classes and industries are affected by special circumstances, as some classes and industries are being affected at all times. The land-owners of western Europe are in distress on account of the competition of new land, with cheapened means of transportation, but now we are told that the holders of the otherside of the competition, the land-owners of the new soil, are victims of distress. It must be, then, that too much labor and capital are being expended on the soil the world over, and that, too, in spite of all the protective tariffs drawing people to the textile and metal industries. Our silver men say that this is not the correct inference. They say that the people on the new land suffer because the prices are set in coins of gold and the debts and credits are kept in terms of those coins. The prices are fixed in the world's market in gold. They will be so fixed, whatever we may do with our coinage laws. If the proceeds, in being brought home, are converted into silver value, a new opportunity for brokerage and exchange gambling will be given to the hated bankers and brokers of Wall Street. That is the only difference which will be produced. It would be far more sensible to say that distress is produced by doing the business on the English system of weights and measures, in bushels and pecks, and that prosperity would be produced by doing it on the metric system, in litres and hectolitres, for that change would at least be harmless. Our distress could all be dispelled in a week by an act of Congress making all contracts, beyond political peradventure, that which they are in law and fact, gold contracts.

There is, however, another cause of hard times for some people which is far more important in our present case than any other. That is the case of the boom which has collapsed. We hear a great deal about "Wall Street gambling." The gambling in Wall Street is insignificant compared with the gambling in land, buildings, town sites, and crops which goes on all over the country, and which is participated in chiefly by the men who declaim about Wall Street. For three hundred years our history has been marked by the alternations of "prosperity" and "distress" which are produced by the booms and their collapses. When the collapse comes the people who are left long of goods and land always make a great outcry and start a political agitation. Their favorite device always is to try to inflate the currency and raise prices again until they can unload.

It is a very popular thing to tell men that they have a grievance. That most of them find it hard to earn as much money as they need to spend goes without saying. Now comes the wily orator and tells them that this is somebody's fault. In old times, if a man was sick, it was always assumed that somebody had bewitched him. The witch was to be sought. The medicine-man had to name somebody, and then woe to the one who was named. Our medicine-men say that it is the gold bugs, Wall Street, England, who are to blame for hard times. Whether there is any rational proof of connection is as immaterial as it always was in witchcraft. It is a case of pain and passion. The "gold standard" has done it! There is something to hate and denounce. All would be well if silver could be coined at four hundred and twelve and a half grains to the dollar. But the assumption is that while the farmers would sell their products for twice as many "dollars" as now, in silver, all the prices of things which they want to buy would remain at the same number of dollars and cents as now, in gold; that is, it is believed that wheat would be at, say, one dollar and fifty cents per bushel in silver, instead of seventy-five cents in gold, but that cloth would remain at fifty cents a yard in silver, if it is now fifty cents a yard in gold. When this assumption is brought out into clear words, every one knows that such can never be the result. The proposed cure is like a witch cure. It lacks rational basis, and cannot command the confidence of men of sense. If the times were ever so bad, such a cure could only make them worse.

W. G. Sumner.





"QUEEN ELEANOR"—MRS. JOHN POPHAM AS "ELEANOR," DR. LEWIS LIVINGOOD AS "EDWARD III."



"CLEOPATRA," AFTER CABANEL, MISS ELIZABETH POWELL AS "CLEOPATRA," MISS CLARA HOLSTEIN AS "ISIS."



MISS VICTORIA PEACOCK AS "MARGARET MOORE."



MISS PATTY SUMMERELL AS "IPHEGENIA," AFTER SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.



MISS EMILY ALAIR AS "JEANNE D'ARC," AFTER DAGNAN BOUVERET.

TENNYSON'S "DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN" IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 151.]



MISS KATHERINE E. MCCLELLAN.



MISS ADELAIDE BUELL HYDE, THE WHIST TEACHER.



MISS MAMIE HYDE, AN AMPERSAND BELLE.



MISS RUTH DOWD.



MISS BELLE SHIELDS.



MISS MARGARET LACKLAND.



MISS FLORENCE DE VERE BOESÉ.

BELLES OF RICHFIELD SPRINGS AND ADIRONDACK RESORTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 151.]  
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## PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

## III.

CONCERNING THE RASH PURPOSE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS LOST AT ROULETTE.



It was about ten o'clock one morning in early June, and New York was aglow with sunshine and the promise of pleasant things. The air was soft and languorous. People were walking slowly in the streets, as if to prolong the pleasures of the promenade. Overcoats and winter wraps had been laid aside, and the whole city seemed expectant of the rest and delights of summer.

Prince Kahlma and his devoted companion, Van Halten, were out for an airing, strolling across Madison Square, and talking as they went of the many strange things that had befallen them since their arrival in the city, of adventures they

had shared together, and of others they were planning. The prince was in one of his serene moods, with good-nature and indulgence for all things and all men—a state of mind in pleasant contrast with the gloomy seriousness or cynical indifference that often possessed him. At such times as these he preferred a simple incognito to his usual title, and instead of "your Highness" was accustomed to be unpretentious Arthur Frederickson, a man like other men; Van Halten's friend and comrade, not his master. It was little acts of graciousness like this that so endeared the prince to those who had the privilege of his society.

"You see, my boy," he was saying, "it all depends on going about with one's eyes open. That queer adventure we had on the street-car with those Greek rascals who were planning to abduct the little girl, and then that affair of the Washington Square Bank robbery, with its unexpected development of the Burglars' Club—we should never have had these novel experiences but for our habit of observing little things and putting them to the fullest use in our efforts to get at human nature. Ah, that is the great thing—human nature! What so absorbing as to study the way lives are turned and bent by trivial happenings; to watch the play of motives, and from time to time take a hand in the game one's self? To my mind that is the best sport possible in this humdrum world."

"Not a very humdrum world when you are on the premises," laughed Van Halten. "I wonder what will turn up next. It seems our fate to stumble upon things out of the common."

"We do not stumble; we arrive at them logically, because, as I was saying, we are not blind, and because we know the exquisite pleasure of unveiling even one of the myriad secrets held in the breasts of people we meet, people we pass on the streets, people in theatres and hotels, people everywhere. There, what do you make of him?"

As he spoke he turned abruptly and fixed his eyes upon a young man who had just left a house on Twenty-fifth Street, not far from Broadway. The man in question was of slender build, not over-well dressed, and as he came down the steps there was something in the pallor of his face and the unsteadiness of his gait that might well have attracted attention.

"He seems a little the worse for wear, his clothes are rumpled; I should say he has been making a night of it. I don't believe he has been in bed."

"Is that all you notice?"

"He has a strong face, an interesting face. I should put him down as a man of good family and used to refined surroundings."

"Do you see nothing more? Look closer. Let us stroll along behind this young man. He may furnish us another adventure. I am not often mistaken, and I feel that we are destined to play some part in this young man's life."

"Oh, I say, distinguished prophet, please stop talking in riddles, and tell me plainly what you see in this rather thin individual to justify your words. Is he not exactly like a hundred other New-Yorkers who may have been making a night of it?"

"He is like them in that respect, I dare say but he is unlike them in that he is now thinking of taking his own life."

"Absurd! What possible right have you to make such a statement?"

"Because I caught the look of his eyes, the look that is never seen except in the eyes of a man who is courting death. I have seen it at Monte Carlo in the faces of better-dressed men than he. I have seen it in the great gambling-clubs of Paris and Vienna, and I remember what came of that look."

"Here is proof that you are mistaken. See, he is entering a pawn-shop. A suicide doesn't try to raise money."

It was indeed as Van Halten said. The young man, having turned up Sixth Avenue, had now stopped at a place which bore the familiar sign of the golden balls.

"You are right about the pawn-shop," said Frederickson, "but I may be right, too. There, he is coming out; we will pass him. Now, do you see the look I mean?"

Van Halten shook his head.

"I see only a young man who is counting a good-sized roll of money. He must have put up something of value to get such a sum."

"Yes, and he is glad to get it. See how he quickens his pace! What a tonic money is, to be sure!"

The two men followed on silently for several blocks, the young man turning eastward through Twenty-eighth Street to Fifth Avenue, and a moment later entering one of the well-known clubs.

"Ah, he belongs to the Philosophers' Club," said Frederickson. "That is fortunate for us, as I, too, am a member. We will go in and find out all about him. The clerk will tell me everything. Wait for me in the café. I will join you presently."

After a short absence he returned.

"Our friend has gone up-stairs to sleep, and has left orders not to be disturbed until six o'clock. How conveniently this happens; we can dine here when he does, and see the adventure out."

"Did you learn anything about him?"

"Yes; he is Harvey Glen, one of the most brilliant writers on the New York Chronicle. He has been their special correspondent all over the world, and has a reputation for daring that is quite phenomenal. It was he who allowed himself to be inoculated with the virus of Asiatic cholera several years ago in Vienna. And he was the man who photographed the historic duel between Boulanger and Floquet in Paris. Then he led an expedition into Zanzibar to find Stanley, and he has done no end of remarkable things. He has interviewed everybody, from kings down to anarchists, and is said to be one of the best story-tellers in New York and a charming fellow, simple and unpretentious, in spite of his many successes. Everybody loves him, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, it seems there's been something wrong with him lately. The clerk says he drinks."

"Lots of men drink."

"Exactly. There must be something more. Drink never brought that look into a man's eyes."

"There you come to that look again. Don't you think you may be mistaken in your idea?"

"I hope so," answered Kahlma; "it would indeed be a pity for so fine a young fellow to end a brilliant career in this sorry way."

In this way they talked for some time longer, and then occupied themselves with other matters, but all through the day the thought of this young man remained with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about seven o'clock that evening when Harvey Glen entered the well-appointed dining-room of the Philosophers' Club. Immediately several members, with effusive bows and smiles, tried to get the popular newspaper man at their tables, but he excused himself to all and sat alone.

"I've got some things to figure out," he said to one gentleman who pressed importunately for his company, "and I must have solitude."

This he said lightly, as was his way, but presently, when seated apart from the rest, his eyes became very sad and he fell into a mood of deep abstraction. The waiter observed that he drank more wine than usual and left the dishes untouched. From time to time he drew some sheets of paper from his pocket and studied them intently, making additions or corrections with a pencil. From this occupation he was suddenly aroused by a remark at a table behind him that was singularly in harmony with his train of thought.

"I tell you," said a rather excited voice, "those men are vain babblers who call love the strongest passion in men's lives. When it comes to an issue between the love of any woman, let her be as fair as all the beauties from Cleopatra down, and the desire to gamble, there is not a moment's doubt as to the



"Let her go!" said Glen, and sat expectant.



result. The woman will be neglected every time, and the green cloth will triumph."

"And yet," said another voice, "you expect to triumph over this passion?"

"By running away from the danger, not by facing it. I realize my own weakness; I see that I have become the slave to a disgraceful and ruinous habit, and with the help of heaven I will never gamble again. That is the only safety for men like me."

Forgetting his pencil and paper Glen turned in his chair and observed the two men who were speaking. Both appeared to be gentlemen of superior class, the younger of the two and the smaller having a face which showed wide knowledge of men and things, along with readiness of resource; while the other, a tall, dark-complexioned man, possessed the quiet dignity of one who has long been accustomed to the exercise of power. It was he who spoke now.

"I disagree with you entirely," he said. "I think a man of your force should be ashamed to own that he cannot play in moderation, just as he eats and drinks in moderation. The man who is weak enough to be ruined by gambling ought to suffer until he learns self-control."

It was plain that this and some further argument in the same line made strong appeal to the younger man, whose resolution was visibly shaken. It is at no time difficult to persuade a gambler that he ought to try his luck again.

"Well," said the younger man, finally, in a tone of half-conviction, "I will put your ideas to the test, and for thirty days I will make an experiment. Each day I will set aside a certain sum that I am willing to lose. I will mark down how many hours I am to play, how many coups I am to make, and exactly what system I am to follow. If I am strong enough to do what I have resolved, neither more nor less, I admit I shall be very proud of myself, but I tell you frankly I am afraid I won't succeed."

"You will succeed," said the other, and was going on to say more when there came an interruption.

"You will not succeed," burst in Glen, pushing back his chair sharply and approaching his neighbors' table. "Pardon me, gentlemen, for intruding in this way, but I can't keep still when I hear such heresies as you, sir (to the taller gentleman), are preaching. You see, I happen to be a gambler myself, and I know what I am talking about. I don't mean that I'm a professional. No, no. I'm one of the victims, caught in the green clutches. I'm like your friend here."

He paused as if realizing that his advance might be unwelcome, and, looking about the room, added:

"I suppose it is none of my business. I'm always doing impulsive things like this; but I mean well, and any one of these gentlemen will answer for me and tell you who I am."

"That is unnecessary," replied the taller gentleman, with much courtesy; "you are very welcome, Mr. Glen. We have been expecting you."

Glen looked at them in astonishment.

"You have been expecting me? You know me?"

"Yes. Are you not Harvey Glen, of the *Chronicle*, whose brilliant work as a special correspondent has been talked about for years?"

"I am Harvey Glen, and I have been a reporter on the *Chronicle* for a long time."

This he said gloomily, and spoke the word "reporter" with a shading of contempt, as if he had no great respect for the business he was in.

"It is I who should ask your pardon, Mr. Glen, for the little ruse I put in practice to bring you over here. Believe me, I would not have presumed so far without the best of motives."

"Do you mean," said Glen, half aggressively, "that your talk about gambling was—"

"It was intended to serve a double purpose—to bring us pleasantly to an acquaintance, and to confirm me in my conclusion about your present gambling troubles."

Glen looked up sharply, as if disposed to resent any prying into his affairs.

"Really," he said, coldly, "this affair has taken a most extraordinary turn. May I ask your name, sir?"

"I am Arthur Frederickson, and this is my friend, Mr. Wade Van Halten. Let me say that I, too, can furnish fullest proofs of my social and business standing if you desire them. I think you had better take that on faith, however, and let me come directly to what I have in mind. Will you not sit down? Waiter, take the gentleman's order."

The young man's face showed a mingling of annoyance and indifference as he took the proffered seat.

"After all," he said, wearily, "what does it matter to me who you are or what you want, or whether you are gentlemen or not. Yes, I'll take whisky." Then after a pause he added: "What makes you think I've been gambling?"

"I saw you leave Dayton's place this morning. I know that you spent the night there, and lost heavily. I know that you are almost

ruined and think yourself dishonored; that you have it in mind at this very moment to put an end to your life."

Glen started, stared, and then laughed lightly. "What makes you think that?"

"I know it, my poor boy, because it has been my lot to spend much of my life wandering over the world and observing people. I have made it my business, having no other, to study faces and character, and I have learned the signs of the eye. Mr. Van Halten will tell you that I remarked to him when we saw you this morning that you had thoughts of self-destruction in your heart. Don't do it, Mr. Glen; things are not as bad as they look."

"Oh, yes, they are," he said, carelessly; "they're worse."

"How much did you lose last night?"

The young man turned as if to resent this questioning, but presently he took new thought and the frown left his face.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "What difference does it make whether you know everything or not. You cannot change my purpose. I lost six hundred dollars."

"A trifling sum," said Frederickson.

"Not for a newspaper man, and especially not when it's money that belongs to the office. I don't know why I should tell you this, sir, but the fact is I was sent off to Canada by the *Chronicle* yesterday on an important assignment, and drew this money for expenses. Instead of taking the train I stayed here and played roulette. I gambled all night, and blew in every dollar of it. I have not only forfeited my position on the paper, but I have done a dishonest act."

"Listen to me, Mr. Glen. From the moment I saw you I liked your face—we both did; and now that I've spoken with you I like you more than ever. I like your manliness and straightforward way of speaking. Besides that, I know something of your family, and years ago I met your father. Now I have the fortune—or the misfortune—to be a very rich man, and I propose to loan you the amount you need, which is of the least possible importance to me. You may give me your I. O. U. for the sum, payable at your convenience, and I will draw you a cheque immediately for six hundred dollars."

As he spoke Frederickson rang for pen and ink, and, opening his cheque-book, wrote out a cheque for the amount specified. This he tendered to Glen.

"No, no," said the latter, pushing it from him. By great effort he maintained a show of composure, but his pallid face, whitened to the very lips, betrayed the emotion aroused in him by Frederickson's offer. It came to him like a breath of heaven.

"Tell me, sir, what is your motive in offering me this money? Rich men do not go about giving away cheques to strangers. My experience has taught me that New York is a hard, unsympathetic place for a fellow in trouble. What do you want of me?"

"As you surmise, my friend," answered the other, kindly, "I do expect something in return for this slight accommodation. From what I have heard of you and what I have seen, I regard you, if you will allow me to say so, as a young man of most remarkable and interesting character. It is in studying and knowing such men as you that I find my best pleasure in life, and I want you to tell me with absolute frankness about yourself and your gambling experiences. I want to know how this rash purpose has come into your mind. You must tell me everything without palliation. No one will judge you more leniently than I, but I must know the exact truth and the worst of it, in order to carry out my plan. Do you agree to this?"

"Sir," said Glen, holding out his right hand, "this is about the most decent thing I ever heard of one stranger doing to another. As you wish to hear it, I will tell you my story, and I will tell you the plain truth, since I care as little for your approval as I do for your disapproval. But I can't take your money. No, don't press it on me. I will take your hand, but I can't take your money."

"Admirable," said Frederickson, as he exchanged a strong grip with his young friend.

"What a situation!" murmured Van Halten; and then both gentlemen settled back to listen.

Glen proceeded to relate, without any effort to spare himself, his experiences at the gaming-table, which dated from two or three years before, and which were simply the old story of fascination for play, leading to neglect of duty, to a prodigious waste of time, and to all sorts of financial difficulties. He had exhausted his savings, drawn his salary far ahead, borrowed from his friends, and pawned his valuables.

"When that money was gone last night," he concluded, "I soaked a watch and some diamond ear-rings and other things that belonged to my mother. I got quite a roll on them for a last shot to-night. See," pulling out the money from his trousers pockets, "when this is gone, why, I know what I will do."

"Mr. Glen," said Frederickson, after the

young man had finished, "I do not believe that a man of your intelligence would think of killing himself merely because of a small money loss, or even because he had forfeited a position through an act of folly. You must be keeping something back from us; there must be other reasons."

"You are right," said Glen, with a deeper earnestness. "I don't suppose I would think of killing myself if that was all the trouble. But you see, I've been a d—d fool so long, and made an ass of myself in so many ways, that I've got discouraged. As they say down on Park Row, I've lost my grip. Nothing interests me any more. Nothing appeals to me. The things other men regard as pleasures seem to me stupid, and the things they give vital importance to do not stir me in the least. Even gambling and drink are only gags to thought or outlets to recklessness. Nothing seems to me worth while. Money-getting is as stupid as building mud houses; fame is no better than the croaking of frogs."

"And religion?" said Frederickson.

"Religion means nothing to me now. I wish it did, but I guess I got too much of it when I was a boy. I can't pray any more; I've tried it sometimes when I've been on assignments up by the cathedral. I've dropped in there of a week day, when the big church was empty except for a few kneeling women. Then I've gone down on my knees and tried to repeat the old words, but I always find myself saying 'That is absurd,' or 'That is not true,' or 'That is bad English.' So I get up off my knees and go out sadder than when I came in. This habit of analyzing everything, that writers get, spoils them for all simple, genuine sensations."

"And how about love, isn't that worth living for?"

"Love is even worse—at least the kind of love I have known. I crave women's society, and yet I would not marry, because I know too much about married life. I would not trust my wife, and I know she couldn't trust me. And yet see what is left. Think of a man looking back over ten years and being only able to say: 'I have done harm to so many girls, married women, widows, blondes, brunettes. I have said "Darling" to so many, and "I love you" to so many, and nothing remains of any of it but bitterness, and no good ever came of any of it.'"

Sad beyond expression was the young man's face as he said these words. He seemed to look upon his life as something ruined beyond redemption, upon his future as utterly dark.

"I am reaping the reward of the transgressor. I am getting what I deserve—what many newspaper men deserve. I have trifled with the best things of life until I have lost the capacities for enjoyment and natural feeling that normal men possess. I have lost the power of loving, of believing, or of caring much about anything."

"And is there really nothing that you enjoy—nothing that you want to do?"

"I have enjoyed gambling, and sometimes I have enjoyed this wayward love. But what I have enjoyed best of all is sleep, and death is a long sleep. That's the reason I believe in death."

"Do you always feel this way? Are there not times when the world seems bright—when it seems good to be alive?"

Glen was silent for some moments.

"Yes, there are such times, and that's why I'm going to have one last try at the wheel to-night. Sometimes I realize that the cause of my discontent with everything about me grows out of my discontent with myself. You see it wouldn't matter so much what I do or fail to do if I was merely a truck-horse, fit for some editorial shelf or copy desk, but I know that I have talent in me for writing, and might, if I would, do something worth while. But it has always been the same miserable story of indolence and want of concentration, and weakness of will. That last includes all the others—weakness of will. If it hadn't been for that I should have been out of this blood-sucking newspaper business years ago."

"I wonder that you feel so bitter against a profession in which you have won such distinction?"

"It isn't a profession; it's a prostitution. What a profession is that where men spend all their time writing and never become writers! The newspaper business takes away a man's earnestness, his high ideals, his decent ambitions—all that is best in him. And the hopeless part of it is that the good men in the business realize all this, but can do nothing to change it. They are like the lepers who know their own disease and also know that there is no remedy. If I should tell you how many times I have made resolutions and broken them, how many times I have tried to follow my better aspirations and failed, you would not wonder that I hesitate to try again."

"And do you charge all this to the newspaper business?"

"I do, sir, to a great extent; for, as I look back, I can watch the change it has brought

about in me. I can see how I have deteriorated from year to year. It is the newspaper business that has taken away my strength of character and made me doubtful of my ability to accomplish anything in my life, to satisfy myself or anybody else. That is the real reason for my present course. You remember the story of the man who killed himself because his collar-button rolled under the bed where he couldn't get it. It wasn't the collar-button that made him kill himself, but the fact that this annoyance came as a climax to a lot of other things, and so he grabbed his revolver. It's the same way with me. I can't stand it any longer. I'm sick of myself."

"And yet you have some other purpose in mind, if I understand you rightly," said Frederickson, "some special reason for gambling to-night?"

"Yes, I have," said Glen; "it's a sort of last hope. You see, I've got three hundred dollars here for the things I pawned this morning. Those ear-rings are beauties, I can tell you. Well, when I've paid for our dinners and drinks—yes, I insist, I'll pay for everything—why, I'll have two hundred and eighty dollars left. In a little while I'm going back to Dayton's and I'll make one play, see—just one—and if I pull it off, why, I know what I'll do, the same as I know what I'll do if I don't pull it off."

"Then you won't kill yourself if you win?" said Frederickson, growing more and more interested.

"No; but what chance have I of winning? Look at the odds against me. You see, I'm going to slap the whole thing down on one coup and let the little ball decide it."

"You don't mean that you are going to play two hundred and eighty dollars on one number?"

"No; I'll tell you how I'm going to fix it. I thought that all out while I was trying to sleep this morning. You see, there are four letters in 'hope' and four letters in 'hell,' and it's hope or hell with me, so I'm going to play those letters. I'll show you how: 'H' is number eight in the alphabet, 'o' is number fifteen, 'p' is number sixteen, and 'e' is number five; that makes four numbers, and then there are just the same letters in 'hell' except the 'l,' so I will play that, which is number twelve. That gives five numbers in all for me to play—eight, fifteen, sixteen, five, and twelve—and I'm going to divide my two hundred and eighty dollars into five parts, fifty-six dollars in each, and let them all go at once. If any one of the five comes up, why then I'm in it, and I know what I'll do, as I said before."

"What strikes me as the strangest part of your plan," said Frederickson, "is that you seem to let the whole question of your living or dying depend on the possession of a few hundred dollars. Now suppose one of these numbers does come up. How much do you win?"

"Why," said Glen, figuring rapidly on the back of an envelope, "thirty-five times fifty-six dollars, that makes nineteen hundred and sixty dollars. And I won't blow that in either."

For a few moments both were silent, Glen busy with his thoughts, the stranger busy studying Glen. The latter spoke first.

"Look here, Mr. Glen, I've a better plan than that. I really want to help you. I want you to accept my cheque for two thousand dollars. If you only knew how much pleasure it will give me to have you take it you would not hesitate." Again he drew out his cheque-book, but once more Glen made gesture of refusal.

"No, no; I won't have it. I won't take your money. You don't understand my position. It isn't so much the money I want as the encouragement of winning. If I pull off this play I'll take it as a sign from heaven that I am to go on living. You see, already, in my own mind, I am condemned to death, verdict rendered, sentence pronounced, time of execution fixed. This is just a final rally to see if the great Judge will give me a reprieve. To take your money would be like tricking Him. Of course this is just a fool notion, but, as I told you, I am a fool."

"But your weakness of will," persisted Frederickson, "and your passion for gambling—will not these same pitfalls lie before you, even if you do win?"

"No doubt they would if I hadn't got my plan to fight them. If I win I shall do as your friend suggested—run away. That is the main part of my plan. After repaying what I owe to the paper I shall leave New York, leave America, and go to a land where all the ideas are different—a peaceful, quiet land, far from the hot, rushing life I've known—and there, by changing all the conditions of my life, I shall try to build up my weakened will-power and give the light within me a chance to shine. I will spend two years in Japan."

"Japan?" exclaimed Frederickson.

"Yes, in Japan, among the Japanese, not among the Americans; and there, in the midst of this gentle and philosophic race, living in an atmosphere of sunshine and flowers and simplicity, I shall, I firmly believe, grow to be a man again. For two years I shall live close to



nature, without care or struggle. I shall read some of the great books I have neglected. I shall think and put down some of my thoughts. I don't know much, but I can write enough about the newspaper business and the life men lead who go into it, to make some good fellows think twice, perhaps, before they enter upon it."

Now his eyes brightened, and he spoke with a glow of feeling.

"That's about the only thing I could do," he went on—"warn young men with brain and fine purpose, high-spirited lads, such as I was myself, against a fate like mine, and tell them what it means to be chained fast to one of these slave-driving chariots of the press. I would tell them of the good lives I've seen wrecked, the high purposes cast aside, the fine talents buried under a cover of cynicism and flippancy. That's something I really would like to live to do, and this afternoon, while I was up-stairs lying down, the fact is I didn't sleep much—it's sort of ridiculous to talk about, but I did it just the same—I tried to pray a little. I haven't prayed in a good while, and of course it's all tommy-rot, this praying business, and I know as well as you do that a roulette-ball isn't going to drop on one of my numbers just because I get down on my knees. But I did it, anyway. You see it means more to me, this game to-night, than it generally does."

There was suspicion of moisture in Glen's eyes as he said this, and the two gentlemen felt themselves drawn to him by a strong bond of sympathy.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and, observing the hour, Glen started to his feet.

"Well, my friends, I must be going; I'm afraid I've talked too much. Let's shake hands for luck. You've been very good to me."

He stood by the table with right arm extended and a deep look in his eyes.

"Take everything out of that," he said to the waiter throwing down a twenty-dollar bill, "and keep the change."

"Would you mind, Mr. Glen," said Frederickson, rising also, "if we went with you to this gambling-place? I'd like to risk a few dollars myself."

"Why, certainly; come along. It's free to anybody if you know the pass-word at the door. Only, mind, there must be no interference with my purpose."

With this understanding they called a carriage and drove from the club to Dayton's establishment, where they entered without difficulty, thanks to Glen's acquaintance with the door-keeper. The house was brilliantly lighted, and furnished with the garish luxury that characterizes such places. In the front was a large parlor or lounging-room, about which a number of gentlemen were seated, smoking and chatting, many of them in evening dress. In the back was a dining-room, with a long table spread with every delicacy, and flashing with silver and fine china.

"We have chatted so busily," said Van Halten, "that I am hungry again. Let us eat something, and have a glass of wine before we go up-stairs."

"All right," said Glen; "I've got plenty of time. All I want is one play."

He spoke with an effort at lightness, but his face was white.

"If you gentlemen will excuse me for a moment," said Frederickson, "I will join you presently."

He left them for about ten minutes, during which time Van Halten and Glen continued the conversation, the latter going into details about the faults and follies of his past life.

Presently Frederickson returned.

"They are having a great time up-stairs," he said. "I have been watching a man win ten thousand dollars. He's a little, dried-up Spaniard, but he played like a general. I suppose he will go on and lose it all now."

"I hope I'll do as well as he," said Glen; "anyhow, I am ready to try my luck. Let's go up."

The young man led the way up the broad staircase, past lines of ferns and foliage plants, then down a broad hall spread with thick velvet carpets, into a brilliant room at the end, whose walls were hung with expensive paintings. Here were half a dozen roulette-tables, some busy, some idle.

"I will play over here," said Glen, selecting a table in the corner, and immediately one of the attendants came forward, with a polite salutation, and took his place at the wheel. Frederickson and Van Halten stood at one side of the table, while Glen took a seat at the end. There were no other players.

"Give me five-dollar chips," said Glen, throwing down his money. "There's two hundred and eighty dollars."

The croupier counted out the chips with a dexterous movement of the hand, and presently five stacks of browns were ranged before Glen.

"Now," he said, in a low tone, "I'll play these this way: one here, one here, one here, and these two over there." Speaking thus, he placed his five stacks of chips on the five numbers already chosen.

The croupier looked at him in some surprise. "That's a pretty stiff play, sir," he said; "you're getting above the limit."

"Then you'll have to raise the limit," said Glen. "Call the proprietor."

The proprietor, no less a person than the notorious Dayton himself, a stout, red-faced man with many diamonds, was presently summoned, and, on having the situation explained to him, consented to take the risk.

"He's been a good customer of ours, and we've got to accommodate him," he whispered to Van Halten, as he moved to another table.

"Let her go," said Glen, and sat expectant while the croupier held the marble between his thumb and fingers, ready to throw it upon the wheel.

Zip went the little ball, and the wheel spun rapidly. Four pairs of eyes were fixed upon it as it circled, and four pairs of ears listened to its clicking music as it turned in narrowing circles, moving nearer and nearer to the little pockets, into one of which it must presently fall. Soon it slowed in its course and began striking against the wire partitions that divide the numbers. 18-22-34-2-00-7-5—it wavered a moment on the dividing line between five and twenty-seven, wavered, then stopped, seemed about to drop into twenty-seven, and then jumped back and came to rest.

"Five wins, red and odd," called the croupier, in the usual sing-song tone.

Frederickson and Van Halten turned their eyes upon Glen, who sat staring straight before him, his fingers running through his disordered hair.

"My God!" he said, "I've won."

"Fifty-six times thirty-five, sir, makes nineteen hundred and sixty dollars—a nice, tidy sum. I'll have to get it from the boss."

In a moment the croupier returned, his hands full of large bills, which he laid before Glen. "Now, sir, what goes next?" he said, respectfully.

"Nothing goes next," said Glen, gathering up his money. "I am through gambling. I will never gamble again as long as I live—never."

Frederickson smiled.

"You know, my dear Mr. Glen, what gamblers' promises amount to."

"I know what this gambler's promise amounts to," said Glen. "I know there's nothing in heaven or hell that could make me gamble again as long as I live. You must excuse me, gentlemen, but I've got to leave you. I can't stay here any longer."

"Let me congratulate you, sir," said Frederickson, "not only on your success, but on your courage and manliness. I have a favor to ask of you. I want you to promise me that a year from now, or sooner, if you please, you will write me from the distant country you are going to, and tell me how you are getting on. You may not know how deep an interest you have aroused in me. Here is my card."

The young man promised, with an earnest look and a strong grip of the hand, that he would do as his friend desired, and then, after cordial salutations, they parted, Glen going his way, while the other two strolled down Broadway.

"Now, there, you see," said Kahlma, "is an illustration of what I was saying this morning. That shows how easy it is to influence the lives of others. That thing cost me twenty-five hundred dollars, or thereabouts, but it was well worth it. It was worth it for the pleasant sensations I got, if for nothing else, and really I am half inclined to think that the young chap will keep his word."

"How do you mean that it cost you twenty-five hundred dollars?" said Van Halten.

"Why, didn't you understand? I thought you realized my purpose. Don't you remember when I left you alone together?"

"What!" cried Van Halten, divining his friend's action; "you had the thing arranged?"

"Certainly," said the prince; "the young man would not take my money as a gift, but he had to take it after all. I have special influence, as you know, and five minutes' talk with the proprietor and a five-hundred-dollar bonus made him agree to my proposition."

"But how was the thing possible?"

"Ah, that's something you will have to ask the croupier. I remember he said, though, that his experience traveling with a circus and running a fake roulette-wheel had served him in good stead in this case. I suspect that these men always have the wheel more or less under their control, and besides, he had five numbers to try for. Anyhow, the thing succeeded, and that's all I wanted."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Van Halten. "Your Highness certainly has a genius for good works."

"What I should like to know," answered the prince, reflectively, "is whether our friend will write us from Japan."

"Perhaps he'll never go to Japan," said Van Halten.

"I think he will," said Kahlma.

(To be continued.)

## Adirondack Attractions.

AT Hotel Ampersand, on the lovely Lower Saranac, and near by, are many women worth seeing and knowing. The three mentioned and photographed cannot fairly be termed belles, for the qualities that are indicated by that somewhat flippant title—simply attracting general attention by personal charm, toilette, etc.—are in each case overshadowed by intellect, genuine earnestness of purpose, and varied capacity, while certainly lacking nothing of the physical beauty so good to look upon.

Miss Adelaide Buell Hyde and her handsome sister, Miss Nannie, are New Haven girls, who have been at the Ampersand most of the season. Habitues of Lakewood will recognize the elder as not only a friend, but a clever teacher of whist, whose four months' season at that fashionable New Jersey resort for the past two or three years have been so crowded with work that little time was left for other play.

This fad of studying whist is a much more serious matter than many think. Miss Hyde says it takes twelve-hour lessons to get the foundation principles, and then must follow practice. "It is splendid mental training—develops memory, observation, concentration," says Miss Hyde, "and Americans lead all nations in enthusiasm and number of good players, the American Whist League numbering over fifteen thousand." Miss Hyde has made Hotel Ampersand her summer headquarters for three seasons, and the sisters' picturesque tent naturally is the scene of many interesting games.

About a mile and a half from the Ampersand—nested high on a mountain slope, overlooking Saranac Lake Village—is the studio of Miss Katherine E. McClellan, who just now has come into quick fame through the publication of her memorial of John Brown—"A Hero's Grave in the Adirondacks."

It is a charmingly-illustrated little book—illustrative not only of the subject, but of another of Miss McClellan's gifts—photography—in which she gets wonderful effects.

CAROLINE WASHBURN ROCKWOOD.

## The Belles of Richfield Springs.

STRANGE to say, there are at present no real beauties in Richfield, but there are dozens of lovely girls possessed of more enduring charms than faultless features and a perfect complexion. Early in the season Miss Elizabeth Reilly, of Washington, D. C., was the acknowledged belle of the Spring House, but, to the regret of all, illness, the result of a bicycle accident, compelled her to return to her home, and her mantle has fallen gracefully upon the shoulders of Miss Florence de Vere Boesé, of New York, who, with her mother, is making her annual visit to Richfield.

While not strictly beautiful, Miss Boesé is one of the most charming girls at the Spring House. Photographs never do her justice, because her principal attraction is her animation—which appears when in conversation. She is a blonde with fluffy golden hair, expressive blue eyes, and beautiful teeth. She is also the possessor of a very sweet soprano voice, which is heard to the best advantage in simple ballads, which she sings to perfection.

Miss Belle Shields, of Brooklyn, is a very pretty girl, and reigns supreme at the Kendallwood, where she has spent several seasons. She is a daughter of Commissioner John A. Shields, of the United States Circuit Court, and one of the most popular girls here. No riding-party, picnic, or dance is complete without her, and at all the hops she is in great demand.

Miss Margaret Lackland, of Boston, who is a guest of one of the cottagers, is considered beautiful by some, but all agree that she is the most fascinating young lady in the place. Miss Lackland is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Y. Lackland, who are traveling abroad for the health of the former.

Though quiet and unassuming in her manner, Miss Ruth Dowd, of Brooklyn, is unquestionably the belle of the Tuller House. Having spent many seasons in Richfield, she has a large acquaintance with the summer population, and is a favorite with young and old. Of medium height, with soft, wavy, brown hair, dreamy eyes, and unfailing good spirits, she is the life of every company she honors with her presence.

MARION K. HEATH.

## Living Pictures at Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

SOME very successful "living pictures" were lately gotten up at Rockbridge Alum Springs, one of the largest summer resorts in Virginia, which is now filled with fashionable and lovely Southern women. The subjects were all chosen from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Dr. S. Millington Miller, of New York, read the

poem, and as each historic character was described the curtain rose and the magnesium light disclosed a carefully-prepared study of the character after some noted painter.

Miss Elizabeth Powell, of Atlanta, Georgia, and Miss Clara Holstein, of Cincinnati, Ohio, were "Cleopatra" and "Isis" in Cabanel's famous masterpiece. Miss Lillian Powell, of Little Rock, Arkansas, was Sir Frederick Leighton's "Helen of Troy." Her sister, Miss Susan L. Powell, with Dr. Lewis Livingood, of Johns Hopkins University, and Miss Hedwig Penzel, of Little Rock, Arkansas, formed the figures in N. Seifert's "Rosamond," "Henry III.," and "Queen Eleanor."

Mrs. Samuel Knott, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, was "Jephtha's Daughter," after Sichel's picture. Miss Victoria Peacock, of Washington, D. C., was "Margaret Moore." Sir Frederick Leighton's "Iphigenia" was represented by Miss Patty Summerell, of Winston, North Carolina.

Miss Emily Adair, of Richmond, Virginia, made a beautiful nineteenth-century "Jeanne d'Arc," after Dagnan Bouveret's painting.

Mrs. John Popham, of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Lewis Livingood posed as "Eleanor and Edward III.," when the loving queen sucked the poison from her king's snake-wound.

Five or six of the subjects treated are reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY from flash-light photographs made on the occasion.

## People Talked About.

—GEORGE W. CABLE has become a fixed resident of Massachusetts, apparently, for it is more than ten years since he left inhospitable New Orleans to plant himself at Northampton. His country home there, "Tarry-a-While," is a most inviting place, a veritable *rus in erbe*, with its four acres of woodland almost in the heart of the city. The novelist is a very busy man, but more so at present in unliterary ways than with his pen.

—The vigorous Republican speech delivered at Foxcroft by Harold M. Sewall adds an enlivening element to the campaign in Maine by arraying father against son in the political contest there. The younger Sewall has considerable reputation as an orator, dating from his college days, and his speeches grow less sophomoric in their rhetoric, as the latest one shows. He is about thirty-six years old, is noted for his fearlessness and independence of character, and is rather a pleasing figure on the stump because of his fire and earnestness.

—Dr. Edward Eggleston has for many years passed his summers at Joshua's Rock, on Lake George, where he has a picturesque home and a unique, fire-proof library built apart from the main house. This summer he held a reunion of his family, one member of which he had not seen since the days when he was a circuit-rider in the scenes of his "Hoosier Schoolmaster." Dr. Eggleston grows apparently more robust and well-kept as he grows older. He is greatly attached to his Lake George home, and is an enthusiastic yachtsman.

—Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. George Riggs, has made the hospitality of her New York home noted. Sometimes her entertainments are unconventional to a degree, as was the case when she entertained three foreign celebrities, one of them a newly-made lord and a stickler on dinner-table etiquette, at a chafing-dish supper. Host and hostess enacted a scene from one of Mrs. Wiggin's children's stories, where a boy plays the part of butler and a girl that of maid. The guests had no warning of what was going to happen, and had a new story of American eccentricities to set down in their note-books.

—Joseph F. Johnston, the newly-elected Governor of Alabama, is a native of North Carolina, where he was born in 1843. He made Alabama his home in 1860, and enlisted in the Confederate army from that State, serving throughout the war with gallantry, and receiving a



JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

captaincy as a reward of valor. During recent years Captain Johnston has been a resident of Birmingham, where he is the head of a national bank. He has been prominent in State politics, and has served as chairman of the Democratic State executive committee. Two years ago he contested the gubernatorial nomination with Congressman W. C. Oates and was defeated. This year his leadership of the free-silver faction of his party gave him the nomination without serious opposition, and he was elected over the combined Populist and Republican vote as returned by the canvassers.





OUT-DOOR SKETCHING CLASS, ART SCHOOL.



WOMEN'S FENCING LESSON.



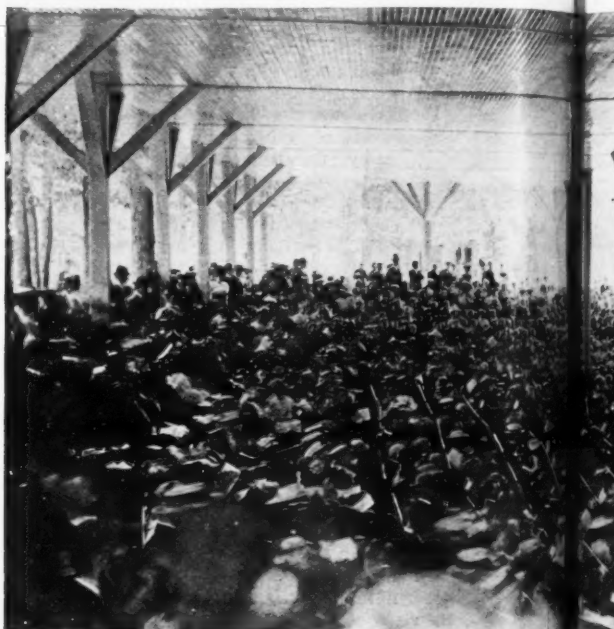
GIRLS' ROWING CLUB.



GIRLS' ROWING CLUB—TAKING IN THEIR BOAT.



SPEAKER'S STAND, CHOIR GALLERY, AND ORGAN LOFT.



THE THEATRE



BOYS' GYMNASIUM—OUT-D



BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, THE FOUNDER OF CHAUTAUQUA.

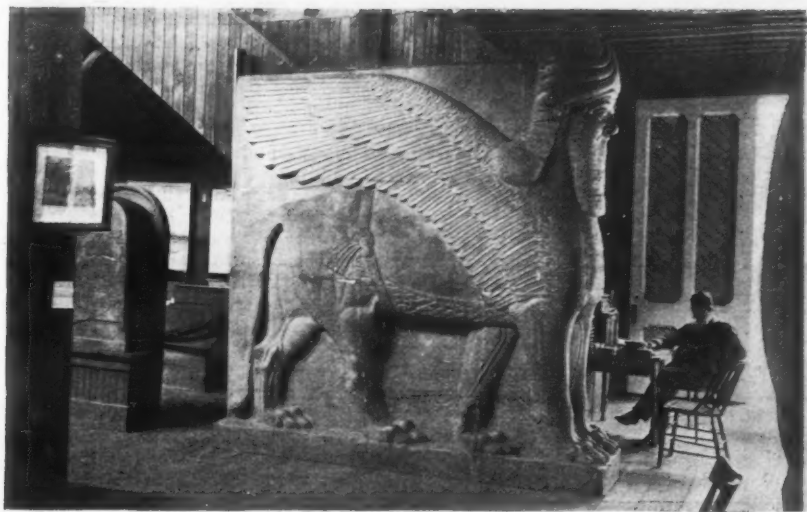


BOYS' STARTING

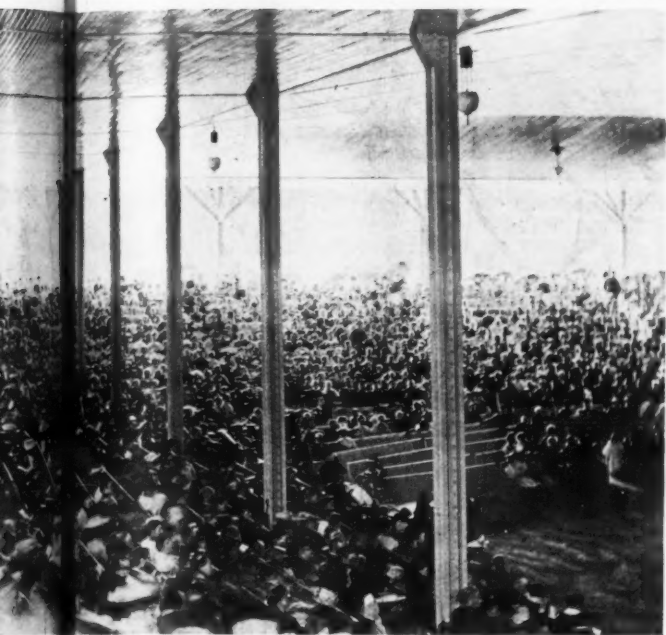




CHIMES, TEN P.M. NIGHTLY.



INTERIOR OF THE GYMNASIUM.



THE THEATRE.



BOYS' CLUB—OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.



GYMNASIUM—OUT-DOOR PRACTICE.



WOMEN'S FENCING CLUB.



BOYS' CLUB—STARTING OUT ON AN ALL-NIGHT CAMPING EXPEDITION.



MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION—CHAMPION FENCING BOUT.

ARKA SUMMER SCHOOL ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY [SEE PAGE 154.]  
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## Greater Chautauqua.

TWENTY-ONE years ago, when the summer school was little known in this country, a broad-minded Methodist minister, whose name is now written Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua, evolved, with careful thought, a very complete plan for a great summer Bible school at Fairpoint, now Chautauqua, on Chautauqua Lake. A normal course for Bible teachers was a prominent part of the plan, and the idea swept like wild-fire through the ranks of teachers and Bible students. Over twenty-five hundred came up to the fortnight's study in the great grove.

From this beginning has grown the great Summer Assembly, the Collegiate Department, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Course, which has enlisted over two hundred and fifty-thousand readers.

Probably the first intention of the author of the Chautauqua plan fell far short of the present evolution. It was thought that the less fortunate, to whom the higher collegiate education had not been possible in youth, would be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity for a four-years' course of selected reading in history, literature, science and art, reading an hour a day during nine months of the year. And this was the beginning of the fruitful plan. Large numbers of the class for whom the study course was intended are every year enrolled in the ranks of Chautauquans. But each year, also, an increasing number of readers is gathered from among those whose college education, acquired fifty, forty, thirty, or even ten years ago, has been forgotten to an extent, and the Chautauqua course offers precisely the opportunity needed for refreshing the memory and keeping abreast with the newest thought and discovery. The C. L. S. C. does not pretend to exhaust the subjects studied, and by proposing a schedule which may be accomplished by the reader of untrained powers, it fixes no limit to the work that may be undertaken by the disciplined mind of the collegian or professional man. Advanced courses are offered, and special "seals" granted in recognition of such reading, in addition to the certificate or diploma issued to the graduate of the regular course at the end of four years' study.

The exterior view of the summer home by the lake is most inviting. Picture to yourself first a broad elevated lake extending eighteen miles, and, with the exception of Lake Tahoe, the largest body of fresh water in this country at such a height. Snuggly settled away among the beeches of the northern shore is a pretty little summer city with streets and walks, and with ample recreation grounds at its outer edges. Over five hundred cottages are situated on its many streets and avenues, some as plain as a cottage can well be, and others picturesque and charming with broad porches, Mexican hammocks, and all the artistic accessories of a comfortable summer home elsewhere.

There is a post-office down the avenue, and several stores group around it. The public buildings are every year increased in number and convenience, for by a law of the charter all surplus money is devoted to the improvement of the grounds and their better adaptability to the needs of Chautauquans. Two buildings stand out prominently on the grounds as the centre of life and thought. One of these is the great amphitheatre, now called the new amphitheatre, because it replaces a less convenient building of that name. Hither flock the morning, afternoon, and evening audiences of the Assembly, in July and August, to hear lectures, both illustrated and plain, and concerts, recitals, and readings. The building which stands next to the amphitheatre in the minds and hearts of all true Chautauquans is scarcely a hall, though it is called the Hall in the Grove, or the Hall of Philosophy, and the cluster of fine trees in the midst of which it is situated is known as St. Paul's Grove. To graduate Chautauquans, the Hall in the Grove is especially dear, for to this classic spot, under the arch of "Golden Gate," pass the senior class on recognition, or commencement day; from it they go to receive their diplomas.

Students of the collegiate department find greatest attraction in the cluster of buildings designed for their use at a little distance from the centres of life and of trade. The kindergarten schools and teachers are in handsome Kellogg Hall; five denominations have houses of their own, where one registers and finds his own denominational papers on file, and meets his friends. The latest addition to the group of public buildings is an artistic memorial hall, presented to Chautauqua by the son and daughter of a lover of the place, Mr. Orrin Trall Higgins, of Olean, New York.

Back from the grounds is the wide base-ball field, with space for all the big and little amateurs that wish to practice the national game in the modest wake of the professionals. For the smaller children there are convenient sand-heaps under sheltering canopies. Six tennis-courts are open to the use of players. A bicy-

cle rink is at hand, with an instructor, and one may also have lessons in foot-ball, swimming, rowing, fencing, tennis, and scientific gymnastics, in the department of athletics and outdoor sports; or he may amuse himself in his own untutored way.

If one remembers that the Greater Chautauqua is to be contemplated in sections, he will readily understand the plan of the summer university. Of the great army of students, reaching well up toward a thousand, one large division comes to study and recite in the Collegiate Department. The second great division represents the great army of over two hundred thousand readers of the C. L. S. C., and includes graduates, students, seniors, and undergraduates, together with many who are simply interested in their aims, but have not joined the classes; and these have come, not to pursue the studies of the course—that is done at home—but to attend the scores of lectures, concerts, and recitals given by the second grand division of the Chautauqua system, the Assembly department.

The general executive arrangements of both departments are admirable. To defray the expenses of the little summer town, including the great force of lecturers and musicians necessary, a citizen's tax is levied on all who enter the grounds. This tax is now five dollars for the season, forty cents for a single day, and proportionally arranged for the week or month. The tax is collected at the gate down by the pier, immediately on landing, and when it has been paid the receipt entitles the holder to attend all exercises on the grounds during his stay, except the classes of the Collegiate Department. For these a fee is charged, varying from five to fifteen dollars for the course of six weeks. No contribution-box is passed during the entire season, not even at a missionary concert.

Six schools are grouped under the general name of the Collegiate Department, the schools of arts and sciences, of sacred literature, of pedagogy (known also as the Teachers' Retreat), of music, physical education, and the school of expression. In the list of instructors, which varies from year to year, are found professors from Johns Hopkins, Yale, Boston, Clark, Chicago, and other universities. There are courses in literature, the languages are taught, instruction is given in organ and piano music, and a great variety of physical training is offered. The school of sacred literature has courses in Hebrew history and Old Testament Hebrew and New Testament Greek, with other valuable studies.

As might be expected, a great variety of clubs is found, accessory to these numerous organizations. Thought is stirring in all lines, and conferences, formal and informal, on the many subjects of national or local interest are found interesting and helpful. There is a boys' club, which goes into camp at a point near by for a variety. Two clubs are arranged for girls of different ages. A teachers' club and a ministers' club have obvious constituents. A guitar and mandolin club is a pleasant feature of the music school. The Woman's Club has for its president Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

To what Chautauqua will grow it is impossible to say. In the year 1878 the first circle of readers was formed, and its numbers have been doubled again and again until now they reach nearly a quarter of a million. Not all these are Americans. The system has commended itself abroad and hundreds of English-speaking people are following the courses of systematic reading. Forty minutes or an hour a day is easily obtained, even by a busy man or woman, when the inclination to study is strong. Hundreds who have graduated still take the courses year by year, and other hundreds have received such mental stimulus that they follow on in courses marked out by their own awakened needs and tastes.

### Reflections of the Undecided.

WA-AL, yes, I know that talkin', now, is pretty much the style,  
But I don't feel quite ready, yet, to put myself on file;  
The chap that hol's his tongue 'll live to talk another day,  
So I've nuthin' at all to say, my people, nuthin' at all to say.

There's Tammany's declared herself an' joined the silver crew;  
Refused to bolt and ratified, jes' like I knowed she'd do;  
An' Flower an' Whitney both hev spoke an' give their game away,  
But I've nuthin' at all to say, my people, nuthin' at all to say.

It ain't no use to argify an' make the thing out plain;  
I've learned a trick or two, myself, in more than one campaign—  
The chap that talks too soon 'll find his words get in the way,  
So I've nuthin' at all to say, my people, nuthin' at all to say.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

## The Trochas in Cuba.

AMERICAN readers who follow the course of events in Cuba and peruse with eagerness the news of the war that is waging there have often wondered what it was that Spanish military technique designated as the *trocha*.

Whenever an insurrection has broken out anywhere in Cuba the first care of the government has been to prevent the movement from spreading to the rest of the territory, and as the island is long and narrow, in the shape of an arch, the simplest means that occurred to it was to build a line of fortifications from coast to

device, without as yet affording the world an occasion to appreciate its advantages, but to see, instead, that Weyler's *trocha* is just as useless as were those of Moron, and Baja, and Nuevitas.

These, as already stated, were constructed to bar the progress of the rebels from the east to the centre and west. Having proved ineffectual, they are now wholly destroyed and abandoned. The object of General Weyler in ordering the construction of another *trocha* in the west, between Mariel and Majana, on the boundary line of the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio, is not now to prevent the spread of the



SPANISH FORT IN THE TROCHA BETWEEN MARIEL AND MAJANA.

coast and place there a large body of men on the lookout, ready to block the passage of the insurgent.

The inventor of the first *trocha* built in Cuba was Colonel Francisco Gonzales Arenas, of the corps of engineers, under the government of General Valmaseda. In accordance with his plans, on the line of Moron (at the north) and Jucaro (at the south), following the boundary of the provinces of Puerto Principe and Las Villas, a series of stockades one hundred miles in length was constructed with logs of wood; along this, from point to point, forts made of palm-boards and thatch were erected upon terrepleins, intrenched and surrounded by moats. In these



A HOUSE IN CABANOS CONVERTED INTO A SPANISH FORT NEAR THE TROCHA.

defective constructions, which stood apart from each other about three thousand paces, the soldiers were huddled together, exposed to the inclemencies of the climate, the scorching rays of the tropical sun, and the flooding rains.

The famous *trocha*, in which the Spanish government has sunk hundreds of thousands of dollars and uselessly sacrificed thousands of lives, was nevertheless crossed and re-crossed with impunity, first by Maximo Gomez on the 6th of January, 1875, and afterward by the rebel generals Sanguili, Roa, Jimenez, Carrillo and others.

At the close of the war of 1868-78, General Martinez Campos declared in a famous official

document that the *trocha* "had cost too much money, and was worthless." For this reason, no doubt, he did not avail himself of such means during his command of the armies in the present war.



SPANISH SOLDIERS EATING THEIR MEAGRE RATIONS.

But General Weyler, who on February last succeeded him in the conduct of the campaign, wishing, perhaps, to depart in every respect from the plans as well as the policy of the illustrious commander, has again made use of this costly

document that the *trocha* "had cost too much money, and was worthless." For this reason, no doubt, he did not avail himself of such means during his command of the armies in the present war.

But the general has not reckoned on tropical vegetation, within whose zone, according to a naturalist, plants are seen to grow, and those plains he has caused to be laid waste are soon covered with bushes and undergrowths; and

the moats and ditches are flooded by the frequent rains, and the swollen brooks carry away the terraces that surround the forts, transforming them into a mass of impracticable mud, an infectious deposit of fever-engendering matter.

On that *trocha*, which does not hinder General Maceo from fortifying himself in the abrupt and fertile mountains of Cacajicara and making frequent raids upon the plains; sacking cities and towns, such as San Cristobal,



Consolacion, and San Juan y Martinez, and receiving from the coast arms and ammunition landed by filibustering expeditions; nor prevent Generals Aguirre and Castillo from doing the same things at the other side in the province of Havana, General Weyler has maintained twelve thousand men in a defensive, not an offensive, attitude, in almost absolute idleness, and exposed to a deadly climate. And as on that line of fortifications there are no infirmaries or hospitals, the innumerable cases of dysentery and yellow-fever have to be sent every day to the neighboring towns. Nor are there adequate barracks or hospitals, and the wretched soldiers, poorly clad, scorched by the sun, are lodged in the streets and porches of the houses, as is the case in Artemisa, where they sleep in hammocks or on the ground, eating their mess seated on the stones of the gutter or on the sidewalk, surrounded by the street arabs of those famished towns, who gather there to pick up their scanty crumbs and refuse.

This, and nothing more, is the famous *trocha* which a colonel of the Spanish army, Señor Feliu, has truthfully described as "a burying-place of money and men." R. CABRERA.

## FOUR PLAYERS

THE theatrical season of 1896-7 will open in earnest next Monday evening, the 31st instant, when that energetic manager, Charles Frohman, will produce at the Empire Theatre the latest London success, "Rosemary," a comedy by L. N. Parker and Murray Carson. Charles Wyndham played the leading rôle in London, and John Drew will be seen in it here. The success of the piece probably depends largely on the acting, for the plot is light in texture. *Sir Jasper Thorndyke*, a middle-aged country squire, and the owner of Ingles Hall, offers hospitality to a romantic young couple whose carriage has broken down while they are eloping. The parents of *Dorothy*—the young bride—are in hot pursuit, and, unaware of their relations to his new protégée, *Sir Jasper* offers the hospitality of his roof to them also, from which naturally ensues a series of complications. However, *Sir Jasper* succeeds in reconciling every one concerned, and he takes them all to London to see the queen crowned. *Sir Jasper* soon finds that he is falling head over heels in love with *Dorothy*, and rather than bring sorrow into two young lives he resolves not to see her again.

Fifty years go by and *Sir Jasper*, now an old man of ninety, goes to London for the Queen's Jubilee, and visits the same room in the same hotel where he parted from *Dorothy* in 1838. He finds a sprig of rosemary, left there half a century before by the long-dead *Dorothy*, and as he sits in a dream, conjuring up memories of the old romance, the curtain falls. The part of *Sir Jasper* is evidently a capital acting part, and John Drew undoubtedly has already congratulated himself that at last he has an opportunity to prove to certain skeptical critics that he can act. Additional interest will attach to his interpretation from the fact that it will be the first time that Mr. Drew has played an old-man part. Sweet and dainty little Maud Adams will, of course, play *Dorothy*.

On the same evening Edward Harrigan's new play, "Marty Malone," will be produced at the Bijou, and W. R. Wilson and H. H. Winslow's new melodrama, "The Great Northwest," will be seen at the American.

The Standard Theatre, which of late years has had fluctuating fortunes, has once more changed hands, and is now under the direction of William Sells, a new-comer in metropolitan management, and, it is said, a shrewd caterer to the public amusement. Mr. Sells will conduct the house as a vaudeville theatre on the popular continuous-performance plan, and will open it to the public on Saturday evening, the 29th instant, with a capital programme, including Loie Fuller, in new dances; Mollie Fuller, John W. Ransome, Tim Murphy, the Nichol sisters, Pearl Andrews, Stirx and Zeno; Cohen, the boy soprano; Roberts, the electric equilibrist, etc.

Other openings set down for the same evening are the Grand Opera House, with "The Cotton Spinner"; the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with "When London Sleeps"; the Star, with "Northern Lights," and the Columbus, with "In the Heart of the Storm."

The Lyceum season will begin on Tuesday, September 1st, when E. H. Sothern will appear in a new romantic drama by R. N. Stephens, entitled "An Enemy to the King." The following evening Charles Frohman will produce at Hoyt's Theatre a new farce-comedy by Alexander Bisson, entitled "The Liar." On Thursday evening Jefferson de Angelis, who will star this year, will be seen at the Broadway Theatre

in "The Caliph," a new opera bouffe, by Ludwig Engländer.

Clay M. Greene's melodrama, "Under the Polar Star," seems to have hit the popular fancy at the Academy of Music, which is crowded to the doors every night. The piece has been magnificently staged by Manager W. A. Brady, and is well worth seeing, although, as in most plays of this kind, the sentiment is laid on with a trowel. But it is good to go and see a melodrama now and then, for it reminds us of the time when there was still some illusion in life.

There is some probability of Minnie Seligman returning to the stage. When her reconciliation with the Cutting family took place, some months ago, it was generally understood that she had left the stage for good, but now I hear that when in Italy this summer she purchased the American rights to a play by Roberto Braccia, with the intention of starring in it here.

Those clever little players, the Liliputians, will return to this country from Germany early in September, and open at the Star on September 28th. They will stay here several weeks and then make an extensive tour through the country. Their new spectacular play is said to be more elaborate than any of their former productions.

A new play by Bret Harte, entitled "Sue," will be produced by Charles Frohman in Philadelphia on September 14th. Annie Russell and Joseph Haworth will play the leading rôles.

Agnes Sorma, the young emotional actress, who has made such a *furor* in Germany, has arranged to come to New York and play in German at the Irving Place Theatre. Sorma's greatest part is that of *Nora*, in "The Doll's House," and Duse, who saw her in the rôle, says she is superior to herself. To find one actress saying as much as this of a rival is novel, to say the least.

Duse, by the way, may return for another tour this season. Banker Higginson, of Boston, is an intimate friend of hers, and it is whispered that he and C. B. Ellis, the music manager, may organize a tour for the Italian tragedienne.

ARTHUR HORNBLow.

## The Populists in Georgia.

SEABORN A. WRIGHT, recently nominated by the Populists of Georgia as their candidate for Governor, enjoys the distinction of being the first nominee of the people's party of that State who has ever had any reasonable chances of success. In previous campaigns in Georgia the gubernatorial candidate of the people's party has not come nearer than within twenty-five thousand votes of his Democratic opponent. This year, however, because of a State alliance of the Populists and Prohibitionists, and the national alliance of Populists and Democrats, the third-partyites in Georgia have some chance of electing their candidate.

For a Populist nominee, Mr. Wright is a very unique figure, being neither a farmer nor a poor man, nor uneducated. His father, Judge Augustus R. Wright, was a prominent figure in the Georgia life of his day, and the family has always been one of means, with connections rather aristocratic than plebeian. Seaborn Wright is a college graduate, with the



SEABORN A. WRIGHT.

bearing of a tragedian. He has a clean-cut face, long, wavy black hair, and the bearing of a typical Southern orator. His greatest force is his eloquence, which is of the fervid, ringing type brought into national prominence recently by Candidate William J. Bryan.

Mr. Wright lives in a handsome home in the North Georgia city of Rome, and enjoys a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. His wife was a Miss Moore, of Atlanta, and they have a family of four bright and interesting boys. Seaborn Wright has always been a dis-senter in political affairs, and his only service

in office was when he was elected to the State Legislature several years ago as an independent Democrat. His fad is prohibition, and his campaign will be waged chiefly on that issue; an issue which is expected to focalize the strength of the rural districts, which really preponderate in Georgia politics. His friends hope that by combining the Populist and Prohibition votes, and with the aid of the stay-at-home gold Democrats, he will be able to defeat his Democratic opponent, Governor William Y. Atkinson, who is a candidate for re-election. The Populist nominee is only thirty-eight years old. His younger brother, Moses Wright, who was elected to the last Legislature as a Democrat, will oppose him in the coming campaign.

The fight between the Populists and Democrats in Georgia derives special interest from the fact that Georgia is the native State of Thomas E. Watson, the people's-party Vice-Presidential nominee, and Mr. Watson's personal popularity, together with a certain degree of State pride which will be brought into play, is expected to add considerably to the chances of the gubernatorial candidate of his party.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Lawn-tennis Championships.

THE annual meet, at Newport, of the National Lawn Tennis Association did not begin under the most favorable of auspices on the morning of Tuesday, August 18th, but it concluded in a veritable burst of glory in the way of brilliant, enthusiastic, and large audiences of the lovers of the game, and some rare good play by the leading experts of the country.

Not only tennis men and wisacres of the finer points, but followers of amateur-sport exhibitions generally, were quite unanimous at the start that golf and the bicycle were going to make themselves so felt that, whereas the meet this year would not be a failure out and out, it would surely prove disappointing, particularly in its powers to attract the usual crowds from the country over.

In a small measure only was this so, and while the number of entries was not up to those of former years, such skilled players as Bob Wrenn, Larned, Stevens, the Neel brothers, and the coming youngsters, as Fincke, Sheldon, Fischer, Whitman, Ware, and Davis, furnished an article of the game which for science, spirited play, and rivalry was the equal, if not the superior, of that witnessed in any former year.

To be sure, it took a little longer than usual to awaken people to the conclusion that fine tennis was being played, but when the people began to come, in response to anticipation sure to be realized, and pleasant weather, they came in droves.

So on Saturday, August 23d, when the tournament had narrowed down to Larned, Fischer, Wrenn, and Carr Neel, crowds were to be witnessed about the courts which in point of being representative and numerous had never been surpassed.

On this day the match between Wrenn, former champion of the country, who is still beloved by all for his keeping the English player, Goodbody, from winning the American championship in 1895, and Carr Neel furnished an exhibition which simply teemed with the kind of brilliant play which arouses and enthralls to generous applause the most cold-blooded of on-lookers. The fact that this match was played on the grand-stand court was alone responsible for the sparsity of the crowds which witnessed the youngster Fischer strive in vain to conquer Larned.

The tennis, however, which this latter pair played was gilt-edged all the way through, and the critics who saw it were outspoken in their praise of Fischer's good work and the superb play of Larned, who there and then was picked to win not only from Wrenn on Monday, but from Champion Hovey on Tuesday.

All in all, though, the Wrenn-Neel match was the one of the day, and the able and nervy manner in which Wrenn acquitted himself delighted every one to the point of bubbling over with enthusiasm.

Neel started out by getting things a-going all his own way. Wrenn could not get his lob back enough back, and Neel ran in repeatedly on his opponent's service and killed the balls right and left.

The second set, the first having gone to Neel by the score 6-2, however, witnessed a brace upon Wrenn's part. It was a deuce and vantage struggle for so long that all records looked on the point of being smashed. Wrenn finally pulled out, scoring ninety points to eighty-two for Neel. This was really the critical point in the match, for in the succeeding set Neel won rather easily. Whence on,

however, Wrenn's powers of endurance and tenacity never to give up the ship came prominently to the fore, and the fourth and fifth sets were captured by him by play which seemed to grow better at each succeeding stroke.

In the last set in particular Wrenn showed form equal to if not better than his best against Goodbody in 1895.

On Tuesday, the opening day of the meet, the double champions, Wrenn and Chace, played the Neel brothers, winners of the West vs. East match at Narragansett Pier the preceding week, and were defeated in a match memorable for the erratic play of experts and the steady play of men who, while not novices, had never been rated way up in the tennis world.

For the first time in the history of the game the championship in doubles was carried off by a Western pair. The like would not in all likelihood have happened, however, had Wrenn and Chace devoted the required time to practice. As it was, they had hardly practiced once together the whole season, and Chace had not touched a racquet even for several months.

The work of the youngsters should not pass unnoticed, and it is safe to predict that such players as Fincke, Fischer, Ware, and George Wrenn have only to continue playing the game studiously and without cessation to reach championship form, and of the kind, too, of higher

(Continued on page 158.)

### The Same Opinion Still.

(CONTINUED.)

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 10th, 1896.—Thus it is the consensus of opinion everywhere that Pears' soap undoubtedly outranks many others, and is first-class beyond question. It has no excessive fat to render it useless for cleansing purposes, and no free alkali to tease the skin, or exasperate disease in the incipient state. In short, it is desirable for healthy skins, and positively indicated for unhealthy ones. I am informed by an eminent skin specialist that it may even be applied to a surface abraded by eczema.

The great success that has attended the soap business of Messrs. A. & F. Pears is now explained. We see how great prosperity has attended on excellence of produce. We may also safely infer that in addition to considerable commercial capability, the firm has been endowed with abundant scientific knowledge, otherwise so great a degree of superiority could never have been attained; all of which accentuates the importance of extending the means of scientific education.

Possessed of these advantages the firm very wisely decided many years ago on investing largely in printer's ink—i. e., in advertising. Of what use to the world, it might have been asked, would be the greatest boons ever extended to its universal, every-day services if to the world they should remain unknown? It is admitted, and truly so, that the excellence of Pears' Soap, its salubrity, its pure and beneficial cosmetic qualities, were perceived by a discerning minority even as early as the last century. Of this there can be no doubt; but if to the majority—to the world at large—the thing was comparatively unknown, all its acknowledged superiority, certified and emphasized by the few, availed it little. To the multiplicity of "men and cities," far exceeding the number of those known to Ulysses—the value of this often imitated but nevertheless inimitable product required to be made fully known. Had not this been done, had not the worth of Pears' Soap been extensively and continually proclaimed, there might never have been the need for any such sumptuous edifice as that which has arisen to be a unity one of the leading thoroughfares in this metropolis of the world.

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THE OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON—MANAGERS OF REPRESENTATIVE NEW YORK THEATRES.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY, FALK, AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 155.]  
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LI HUNG CHANG AT THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL GORDON AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.—*Illustrated London News*.



LI HUNG CHANG'S VISIT TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE.—*Illustrated London News*.



LI HUNG CHANG AT PORTSMOUTH DOCK-YARD.—*St. James Budget*.



LI HUNG CHANG AT A GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.  
*Illustrated London News*.



THE CHINESE VICEROY RECEIVES A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT LADY SALISBURY'S GARDEN-PARTY.—*London Graphic*.



## Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 155.)

rating than any of the younger players of past years.

### TRAINING FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCH.

Polo, the past week at Newport, has furnished amusement to the usual fashionable throng and "the people" who find Dead-head Hill a fine and cheap place to view the game in a bird's-eye-view sort of way.

On the whole, the play has been up to the average in point of good play, and in instances—most pleasing to the lovers of the game—certain players have shown the kind of ability which augurs well for the future of the game and the making up of a team in the near future which can hope to wrest honors from Englishmen who to-day excel at the sport.

Of these, young Shaw, Agassiz, Norman and Baldwin are prominent. And the two first mentioned are even now, in the eyes of many, as good as Foxhall Keene ever was.

In view of an international match—and one really seems assured in another year or so—the annual championship meeting inaugurated at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, takes an added interest as just the thing to develop team play and give a true line on what an American team is capable of in the way of improvement.

This year the annual tournament for the championship will take place in September, (Continued on page 159.)

### ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

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### SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, or they will be sent upon receipt of ten cents, for postage, by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

The best way to know whether Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap is the best for laundry and bath is to try it. It don't turn yellow like other floating soaps, as it is pure. Red wrapper. Ask your grocer for Dobbins's Floating-Borax.

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## Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 158.)

and, as last year, the Myopias and the Rockaways are likely to fight it out in the finals.

Last year the Myopias won. This year the Rockaways have already met and defeated the Myopias once. They are picked to do the trick again. On the Myopias, Shaw and Agassiz, already mentioned, constitute a bulwark of fast and brilliant play. And for Rockaway, Cowdin, and possibly Keene, will do the bulk of the work which counts in goals scored.

The last time an English team played an American one the former won hands down. It was, however, admitted at the time, in partial excuse for defeat, that the American ponies lacked the proper training for match play. This was indeed so, but the like cannot be argued with so much force now.

Not only have our players advanced rapidly in the science of the game, but the ponies, under more intelligent and systematic training, have become more knowing, and, for the most part, those belonging to the crack players enter into the spirit of play equally with the rider.

Where an English team would excel an American one to-day would be in team play, something which our players have yet to develop beyond a mere commonplace standard.

FOOT-BALL GOSSIP.

A number of candidates for the University of Pennsylvania foot-ball team will meet the last of this month and begin active practice for the coming season.

While the crack team of last year loses its great kicker, Brooke, Quarter-back Williams, and Centre-rush Bull, Trainer Woodruff is said to be confident of filling the gaps in good shape.

Yale has not yet replied to Pennsylvania's request for a game this year, but as Harvard still holds off from signing with Yale, the enthusiasts are looking to a meeting with Yale and the Quakers this fall as a sure thing, and nice to feed the imagination on.

Since Pennsylvania's recent triumphs over Harvard and Princeton her admirers have claimed superiority over teams of Yale.

One thing is sure: Pennsylvania would have played Yale an even game last year. They could not have helped doing so with Brooke to kick for them.

Now, with Brooke out, this question or claim never can be settled. Yet a game this year would show that Pennsylvania has outgrown being a mere practice-horse for Yale, as she always used to be.

In the interest of the game it seems fitting that Yale should meet Pennsylvania this year, and there are quite as many Yale as Pennsylvania men who would hail with joy a resumption of friendly rivalry on the field.

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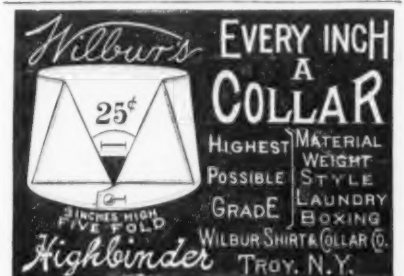
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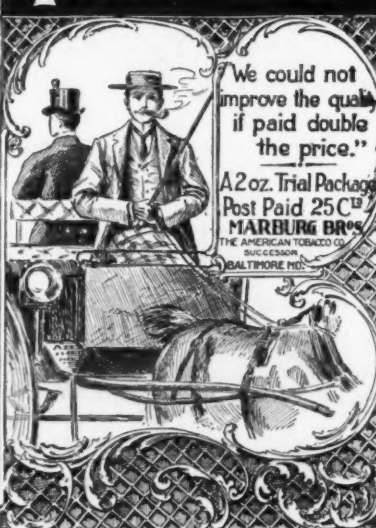
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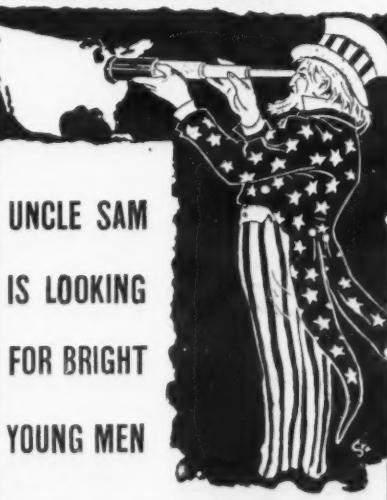
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